

# Merry Christmas To Everyone!



CHRISTMAS, A.D. 1

## When Christmas Meant Christ

Back in A.D. 1 — actually, historians tell us, it was B.C. 3 or 4 on the scale of our calendar — Christmas was celebrated by the smallest number of people to celebrate Christmas then or since; but those few people were the sincerest of all, then or since.

Those few gathered around the manger on that first Christmas day felt themselves present at the greatest moment of history — the coming of the Messiah. For them, it was an event of unspeakably deep and holy significance. The occasion, garbed in the words of New Testament historian St. Luke, took on a great literary as well as religious meaning: "And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a saviour, which is Christ the Lord... And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

It was as simple and as fundamental as that. What about gift-giving, back in A.D. 1 when it had a deep, personal meaning to all? St. Matthew records it this time: "When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child... and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

Rather trite lines these are, many centuries later — but they state the principle of gift-giving better than any department store publicity man known.

In succeeding years, when the worship of Christmas meant death in the Arena, Christians fought with nothing but a principle that they knew was right against an armed and infuriated people that they knew were wrong; they, too, were sincere.

Perhaps the principle itself could be lost if people fell into the fallacy that there was nothing left to fight for.

D. P.

On behalf of the whole staff and the Managing Board of The Daily we want to wish all and sundry a most happy holiday. For those who face mid-term examinations we would like to wish the very best of success. To those who dislike The Daily we hope they enjoy the absence of our worthy sheet. To those who will miss The Daily we hope that with Christmas and New Year's they will store up enough contentment to last them until January 18th when we will be back.

We would like to question the remarks of various sources, including the ones writing on this self-same page, deploring the 'degradation' of the Yuletide spirit. Perhaps the worship is less formal and overt, but the spirit of goodwill and friendship is still strong — despite the neon signs and the 'commercialization' of Christmas.

Certainly, the days before Christmas are a mad rush and the various stores do their very best to increase the profits as much as possible. But, we wonder if the early Christian mer-

chant was comparatively less busy and eager to sell than his modern counterpart.

Also, with all the shopping done and the Christmas turkey served does the Christmas spirit

not come to the foreground? Traditional carols are sung, the nativity is recollected and the message of the Carpenter from Nazareth is remembered. The moments of silence with the snow gently falling outside the window — are they less reverent because of the electric lights on the tree?

And is the rejoicing less genuine for the few ounces of alcohol necessary that make the habitually tense nerves relax?

The critics of modern Christmas forget that the predominantly rural community of the early centuries has passed and that we live in a world of speed and technological achievements. And with a change in tempo comes a change in attitude. We think it admirable that the spirit of brotherhood has remained and adapted itself to the modern way of living continuing to affect feelings despite the demands of our material commitments.

So, through neon lights and dummy Santa Clauses, may we extend our hand in a sincere wish for a Good Christmas and all the best in the coming year.

E.R.

F. CYRIL JAMES

## Principal's Message A Happy Christmas To You!

Yesterday a friend gave me a copy of the McGill OUTLOOK — predecessor of The McGill Daily — for December 18th, 1902. On the first page there is a Christmas greeting from the Editor-in-Chief, and I cannot refrain from quoting his concluding paragraph.

"We must be content," he writes, "with wishing a Merry Christmas to all, and may the numerous joys incident to the vacation, the meetings with Santa Claus and Christmas plum-pudding, the pleasures of being aroused from gentle slumbers during the small hours of the morning by sticky little hands and squealing dolls, of having to get out on a cold floor to make the walking hens walk or the dancing bears dance, or to play horse up and down the halls, be not marred by the anticipation of dreaded examinations to come."

Each detail might be true for one or other of us, but I hope that if your "gentle slumbers" are disturbed this Christmas morn, you will not wake in a bad temper. I might even suggest that it would do you no harm to forget the "dreaded examinations" on Christmas Day because this, of all days in the year, is one on which our spirits look outward to the happiness of others rather than inward to our own concerns.

Many of you will spend Christmas at home with your families in happy reunion and I hope that all of those who cannot get home will spend the festival happily among their friends. Wherever you may be, I should like to offer to each of you and to all of those with whom you share the feast, my best wishes for a very Happy Christmas, trusting that you may be uplifted by the inspiration of one who came as a Babe two thousand years ago to lead mankind along the road of goodwill toward enduring peace.

## Popularization Of Modern Christmas An "Artificial Merry-Go-Round"

by F. R. Johnston

We are all aware, or we all ought to be after reading articles like this one, that Christmas has become commercialized. The spectre of Santa Claus has been hanging over us since the turn of the century, emphasized every December in articles and sermons by worried clergymen.

This is not new. Christmas has been increasingly commercial to the same extent and at the same

rate of speed as our whole existence has been increasingly commercial. Both phenomena are, perhaps, particularly evident in the North American continent, where the Cadillac and the television set have become cultural emblems.

The commercial Christmas is not a new Christmas, it is half a century old. The symbol of our generation is not that Christmas is commercialized, but that it has become "popular." We have had Santa Claus for a good many years now, but we now find ourselves confronted with "I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus," and "Santa Baby."

In a way this development is merely a progression. Some advertising genius has discovered that Christmas can be used not only to sell expensive gifts and unspeakable neckties, but to sell just about anything. Consequently, Christmas has reached the Hill Parade.

Maybe this is only a passing phase — it would be nice to think so. It would be nice to think that Christmas will become less artificial even if it does not return

to its former religious position. Even the clergymen admit, at least by implication, that the religious significance of the Christmas celebration is waning. In their campaigns to "Put Christ back into Christmas," they admit that He isn't there now. It is often difficult to figure out just what has taken the place of religion. What do we celebrate?

Few of us are really celebrating Christ's birth. Some of us, unfortunately, don't seem to be celebrating anything at all. We imitate, we spend, we go bankrupt in an artificial merry-go-round which is not satisfying to anyone. We do it because it has always been done, because everybody else does it, because it is "the thing to do." We spend the first few months of the New Year paying the bills, and regretting the whole thing.

These are the people who get cynical about Christmas. "Christmas," they say, "is for the children." And to some extent they are right, for children are perhaps the only ones who always enjoy it. The long and frustrating wait in a line-up of their con-

freres to see a man in a false beard and present their annual petition seems to be forgotten in the excitement, the anticipation and the curiosity. Children, in fact, seem to have a virtual monopoly on enjoyment that costs nothing.

Those of us who share this gift also enjoy Christmas. There is something to be said for the

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CHRISTMAS, A.D. 1850

## Family Festivity In Past Era

Christmas, to a family of the nineteenth century, was a family celebration. It was a time of reunion before a blazing fire and under a huge spruce tree, a time when all the sons and daughters returned to the old house of their youth, bringing with them their wives and husbands and children to join in the celebration.

The night before Christmas, after the children had been put to bed, the adults would decorate the tree, not with the strings of electric lights and frail coloured balls, which we use now, but with tallow candles, pink and white peppermint sticks, and long, long strings of popcorn and cranberries which the children had spent the previous week stringing. And on the very top was a huge silver star or the shiny figure of an angel.

On Christmas morning, the whole family went to church. The family pew would be crowded and the children would squirm more than usual in the anticipation of the roast goose to come, the presents, the fun and the games.

When everyone had gathered

at the house afterwards, the presents under the twinkling tree would be distributed. And while the children and men were still admiring their gifts, mother and her older daughters would be preparing the dinner. One girl would be setting out the silver and glassware; others making the gravy, mashing the potatoes, or putting nuts and candies into dishes. And in the middle of it all would be mother, who would tend to the huge stuffed goose, and later to the steaming puddings and mince pies.

Dinner would be a merry meal, with perhaps twenty or more people at the table. It would not end until late in the afternoon, after which the children would play while the adults would rest and talk.

It would not be until late in the evening that the guests would begin to depart. However, at last the house would become quiet, the children in bed dreaming of the wonderful day they had had, the grown-ups gazing at the fading fire before climbing the stairs to their beds.

D. E.

## Hypocrisy Rampant At Annual Celebration

by Dick Purser

What is Christmas? Is it not that glorious day when all manufacturers, storekeepers, owners of turkey farms, spruce forests and ski resorts look forward to fabulously increased profits? Is it not that glorious day when husbands ruefully survey the shattered budget, wondering how to tighten the family belt during January? Is it not that glorious day when housewives stand worn out over the stove trying to prepare the best dinner of the year? Is it not that glorious day heralded in advance by numbers of office parties, gay with sparkling chorus ditties and coloured fluids? Is it not that glorious day of rest when one and all start to prepare to take leave of their senses on New Year's Eve?

Yes, say many attackers of contemporary society, Christmas, 1953, is all this. Each year, with increasing world population, more and more people celebrate Christmas. And yet each year more and more criticism is levelled at the modern treatment of and attitudes toward Christmas. Is it all justified?

To an extent, yes — though this criticism should not, as it often does, imply a deliberate malice on the part of the majority of modern Christians. "Christmas commercialism" and all its attendant evils are natural outgrowths of modern economics and mass methods. Most people would be unwilling to exchange their "shattered budgets" for an end to the gift-giving tradition. Christmas dinner is an enjoyable event. Pre-Christmas party guests mean no offense when they sing "Silent Night" in a semi-inebriated state, no matter how objection-

able it may seem. And if New Year's comes right after Christmas, why, it's just too bad.

Christmas should be a joyous occasion. If the modern way of being "joyous" at Christmas is all wrong — and chances are it is — then the modern way of being "joyous" is all wrong, period.

We are shown by religious leaders "the real meaning of Christmas," and are told that this is often lost sight of. This is perhaps an exaggeration — mobs of unfamiliar faces fill the churches every Christmas — but it is true that most of us only glance at it in passing. It is this practice that we are against.

Christmas is a religious occasion: whether one be for or against religion, this must be accepted. Christmas cannot possibly be celebrated without contemplating its "real meaning". Each person at Christmas should take a look at the Bible, examine it, and arrive at a decision: either he believes in Christ as Son of God or he does not believe in Christ as Son of God.

If the former decision is reached, his Christmas will be patterned as it is supposed to be, with social elements properly observed and always secondary. The religious significance of Christmas will not serve as an excuse for secondary activities.

If the latter decision is reached, he will not be a Christian and will not celebrate Christmas at all, either by meditation, parties, or gifts. The occasion is none of his business.

The atheist, agnostic, or unbeliever who pays any attention

to Christmas whatever is a hypocrite. If he even recognizes it to the extent of going to church that once every year or indulging in Christmas tradition, it is his duty to investigate whatever trace of Christian belief is in him, from parental training perhaps, and then to either deny it or embrace it completely.



CHRISTMAS, A.D. 1953

## Yuletide Tradition Still Reigns Over World

by H. Don Allen

happy children's faces.

Christmas has paced changing times for twenty centuries, bringing the joy of giving, a Message of Peace and Goodwill, and the meaning of Faith and a Religion into the hearts and houses of an ever-troubled world; that Christmas will find its place in the bustle and turmoil and strain of a world that finds itself torn between the consideration of a Year 1953 of an Era of God and a Year Nine of a frighteningly uncertain Era of man and the atom.

It will be Christmas. Signs and outward gestures will have changed but the underlying spirit will remain. For many, the religious significance will be to the fore. The churches will be crowded. The Message will be delivered anew. Others will capture the Spirit of the Day through Giving, Kindness, and Consideration.

It will be a time for Neighbourliness, and in the humblest of homes the door will be unattended. For many it will be a family holiday: a Reunion, a Remembrance.

Above all, it will be a time of Traditions. The traditions will have evolved with changing times, but will continue to strive towards making Christmas — the first or the 2,000th — a Joyous and a memorable occasion.

The Christmas present and card and carol will assume their set place in twentieth century life. For some, perhaps, they will be traditions and nothing more; a mailing list of Christmas cards, a note book describing the presents of the previous year. But they can be more, and therein rests their significance. For each

time — albeit none too often — a gift is a gift from the heart, some of the spirit of a First Christmas is recaptured.

Christmas, as a tradition, is growing one. It added Old Scrooge generations ago. St. Nicholas evolved into Santa Claus and personified Giving and Goodwill. In the last decade, little Rudolph found his place in the 1953 Story.

Christmas is still a bright and cheerful occasion.

Witness the sparkling lights of trees and doorways of an otherwise drab and monotonous street. The wreaths and holly. The gay extravagance of the store window display...

The music of the season; a heritage in itself. Beautiful old hymns passed down through the ages. Hymns of Joy and Thanksgiving. Hymns retelling the story of a First Christmas.

The shopping, so much a part of Christmas. Counters overflowing with colourful merchandise. Crowds bustling through stores and thronging main streets. "Last minute" buying. Hurried wrapping. Christmas seals and gift tags. And surprises.

Soon the wrapped gifts, trimmed evergreens and well-set table will be before us: outward tokens of a 1953 Christmas. Church bells may sound out from afar. New-fallen snow may blanket the land.

For children, Christmas has become a time of joy and expectation; for their elders, perhaps solemn and meditative; perhaps festive and jubilant.

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coming  
EVENTS

Items for this column must be typed on a special form obtainable at the Tuck Shop and deposited in the Daily Mail box by the Student's Council Office in the hallway of the Union by one o'clock the day before the item is to appear. The deadline for Monday's paper is one o'clock Friday. Only brief items can be published in this column. Each event may be announced twice only in this paper.

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8**

**CHEMICAL INSTITUTE OF CANADA (C.I.C.)** — Talk by Dean Thomson on "Science and Literature". Everybody welcome. At 5 p.m., in Chemistry Building, Room 102.

**MCGILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY** — Lecture by Colonel E. P. Baird on "Exploration of the Canadian Arctic". Everybody welcome. At 8:30 p.m. in the RVC Common Room.

**CHORAL SOCIETY** — Special group practice. All members of the special group must attend to practice Christmas music. From 5-6 p.m. in the Union Ballroom.

**HILLEL** — Book sale. Books of Jewish interest. From 12-2 p.m., in Hillel House, 3460 Stanley street.

**HILLEL** — Kindling of Chanukkah lights. At 5 p.m. in the Hillel Lounge, Hillel House, 3460 Stanley street.

**MCGILL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP** — Dr. Stanford Reid, "Thinking God's Thoughts After Him." At 5 p.m. in Student House, 3445 Peel street.

**CCF CLUB** — Business Meeting. Members must attend. At 1 p.m. in the Ballroom of the Union.

**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9**

**DAILY PRESS CLUB** — Christmas Party. All staffers, including exs., are welcome. Tickets are 50 cents per person at the door, 40 cents before-hand from Dale English. At 9 p.m., in the Union Clubroom.

**FACULTY OF MUSIC** — Record Listening Periods. 1-2 p.m., program by request: Holst "The Planets", and Edgar, "Dream of Gerontius". 2-3 p.m., music of the Baroque: instrumental works and sacred choral music. From 1-3 p.m., in the Conservatorium Hall, 3450 Drummond street.

**GLIDING CLUB** — Regular weekly lecture by Prof. Wootton. This is the fourth of a series of lectures leading up to the exams for your Glider Pilot's license. At 7:30 p.m., in the Eaton Electronics Lab.

**HILLEL** — Noon-hour debate. Topic: "Resolved that the National Aspirations of Israel will ultimately lead to the Separation of the Jews of Israel and the Jews of the Diaspora." At 1 p.m., in Hillel House, 3460 Stanley street.

**CAMERA CLUB** — Contest (black-white and colour). Criticism and judging by J. A. Dempsey, vice-president of the Montreal Photographic Club. After the contest, a dark-room committee will be elected. At 8 p.m. in the Union New Club Room.

**NEWMAN CLUB** — Mass. This Wednesday and every Wednesday. For Afternoon Communion regulations see notice at House. At 5:05 p.m., in Newman House, 2049 McGill College Avenue.

**CHORAL SOCIETY** — Regular rehearsal for all members. At 5 p.m. in Divinity Hall.

**IZFA** — Chaili (reformer) group practice under the direction of a professional instructor. Beginners at 9 p.m., intermediate at 8 p.m., advanced at 10 p.m. At Hillel House, 3460 Stanley street.

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10**

**WRITERS' CLUB** — Meeting. All welcome. At 8:30 p.m., at 1485 Mansfield.

**FACULTY OF MUSIC** — Record listening periods. 1-2 p.m., music of the 20th century: Stravinsky "Fire-Bird Suite", Ravel "Trio in A Minor". 2-3 p.m., music of the middle ages and renaissance: music by Palestrina and Jacobus Gallus. In Conservatorium Hall, 3450 Drummond street.

**FENCING CLUB** — Fencing social with Westmont YMCA. From 7:30 to 11 p.m., in the J. T. Bone Room, Currie Gym.

**HILLEL** — Hillel choir rehearsal. At 8 p.m., in Hillel House, 3460 Stanley St.

**LIBERAL CLUB** — General meeting. At 1 p.m. in the New Clubroom of the Union.

**ELECTRICAL CLUB** — Meeting. Mr. Hunneault will speak on a subject of interest to Electrical Engineers. At 1:05 p.m. in Room 35, Engineering Building.

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11**

**FACULTY OF MUSIC** — Record listening periods. Music of the pre-classical, classical and romantic periods, featuring music by C. P. E. Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Clementi, Paradies and Sammerthini. From 1-3 p.m., in the Conservatorium Hall, 3450 Drummond street.

**HILLEL** — Course on "Men and their Ideas in Judaism." At 1 p.m., in Room 2C, Sir George Williams College.

**HILLEL** — Sabbath Eve Service and Oneg Shabbat. Speaker: Mr. David Rome. Topic: "The role of ceremony and liturgy in Jewish Life." At 8:30 p.m., in Hillel House, 3460 Stanley street.

**FILM SOCIETY** — Seventh showing of season. A Danish masterpiece, "Day of Wrath", with subtitles. Admission by McGill identification only. At 5 p.m. and 8 p.m., in PSCA.

**UN CLUB** — Mr. Seidelman will address the club on the topic of Human Rights. This will be the final meeting of the term and all interested students are invited. At 1 p.m. in the Union Salon.

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12**

**AFRICAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION** — General meeting. All members requested to attend. At 2:30 p.m. in the Union Club Room.

**GERMAN CLUB** — Annual Christmas Party. At 8 p.m., at 3609 University St.

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13**

**HILLEL** — Modern Dance Group — At 4 p.m., in the Hillel House, 3460 Stanley street.

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15**

**HILLEL** — Meet-the-Faculty Series. Speaker: Prof. Maxwell Cohen on "The Impact of Law on the International Politics of the Atomic Age". At 1:07 p.m., in Hillel House, 3460 Stanley street.

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17**

**AMATEUR RADIO CLUB** — Regular meeting. The district co-ordinator of Civil Defence communications will give a short talk and demonstrate portable emergency radios. At 1 p.m., in Room 61-B of the Engineering Building.

**HILLEL** — Hillel Choir rehearsal. At 8 p.m., in Hillel House, 3460 Stanley St.

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18**

**NEWMAN CLUB** — Christmas Party. Everyone invited to come and meet Santa Claus. Lots of food, fun and presents. Also come to hear the Newman Club's own band. At 8:30 p.m., in Newman Club, 2049 McGill College Avenue.

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20**

**NEWMAN CLUB** — Mass, general meeting and Communion Breakfast. Christmas carol singing. All Catholics invited to come. At 10 a.m., in Sacred Heart Convent, 3635 Atwater Avenue.

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24**

**NEWMAN CLUB** — Mid-night mass, in the downstairs lounge at the Club. Tickets available at the Club. At 12 mid-night, in Newman House, 2049 McGill College Avenue.

**FRIDAY TO MONDAY, DECEMBER 25-28**

**IZFA** — Winter seminar. At St. Sauveur. Skiing, etc. Information and registration: contact Yitz Zlotnik, VI. 1910, or Eve J. Szapiro, VI. 4676. Please register before December 15th. Everyone invited.

## Daily Managing Board Announces Promotions

In the mid-year promotions list, recently released by the Managing Board of The Daily, several changes were made in the middle and lower mastheads of all three departments. There are no major staff changes.

In the News Department, Flora Ball, Women's Editor, has been promoted to Assistant News Editor. Miss Ball will continue to fill the post of Women's Editor, however, Ruth Roskies has been promoted CUP Editor (News).

In the Features Department, Yoine Goldstein and Ken Marshall have both been promoted to Associate Features Editor. Goldstein has been the Assistant Features Editor, while Marshall has been Chief Staff Writer for Features.

In the Sports Department there are no "Middle Masthead" promotions.

The list of Daily Staff, as affected by the recent promotions, now reads as follows:

**NEWS DEPARTMENT**  
Assistant Editor — Flora Ball  
Newsfeatures Editor — Alan Powell  
CUP Editor — Ruth Roskies  
Desk Editors — Ruth Dickstein, Erica Kelen  
Assistant Desk Editors — Wesley Mason, Bob Porter, Peter Regenstreif, Gyde Shepherd, Hans Stenman  
Senior Staff Writers — Abby Benjamin  
Staff Writers — Eva Bas-Kraus, Bryna Feingold, Liz Gillespie, Eileen Murphy, Corinne Copnick  
Junior Staff Writers — David Cohen, Irwin Margolose, Andrew Ross, Connie Segal, Jack Winter.

## Two Speakers To Address Hillel Soon

David Rome, speaking on "The Role of Liturgy and Ceremony in Jewish Life" will address the Oneg Shabbat gathering at Hillel House on Friday, Dec. 11. Rome is a graduate of the University of British Columbia, and has done post-graduate work in literature and philosophy. He was formerly editor of the Congress Bulletin and press officer of the Canadian Jewish Congress, and has been connected with the Congress for the past nine years. This Oneg Shabbat is part of an over all program concerned with the meaning of the Jewish Heritage.

On Tuesday, December 15, at 1:07 P.M., Professor Maxwell Cohen, Professor of International Law at McGill University, will lecture on the topic, "The Impact of Law on the International Politics of the Atomic Age" in the fifth forum of this term's "Meet-the-Faculty" series, the theme of which is "The Moral Implications of Scientific Progress in the Twentieth Century."

Professor Cohen, who studied at Manitoba Law School, Northwestern and Harvard, has practiced law in the Manitoba and Quebec bars, was a member of the Junior Combines Investigating Committee (1938-49), and an economist with the Department of Munitions and Supply (1941).

At present, he is a member of the Law Faculty at McGill University, and during the 1951-52 session he was appointed Special Assistant to the Director General of the U.N. Technical Assistance Administration.

## To Hold First Ukrainian Student Congress Soon

The first Ukrainian Canadian University Students' Congress is scheduled to be held on December 26, and 27 in Winnipeg. Delegates from various Canadian Universities will attend.

The aim of this meeting is to discuss the existing problems of Ukrainian University students in Canada, and to form a representative body, The Union of Ukrainian Students of Canada.

The aims of this Students' Union will be as follows: — the education and enlightenment of Ukrainian Students in accordance with Christian morals; the preservation of the Ukrainian cultural and traditional heritage; the extension of active organizational, cultural, and financial assistance to its members; and the establishment of amicable relations with Canadian Students' Unions, as well as with the Central Committee of Ukrainian University Students with headquarters in Paris.

The initial idea of such a congress and unification was formed during meetings of representatives from various local Ukrainian Student organizations in Winnipeg.

## Article Gives Biography Of Ex-Principal

Mr. Lewis Douglas, former Principal of McGill, Ambassador to Great Britain, and copper miner is the subject of an article in "Arizone Highways." A limited number of copies of this magazine are available from George at the Union Tuck Shop.

In 1937 Mr. Douglas left his political career and became the first citizen of the United States to be appointed Principal of McGill. He held this post for three years.

He was the grandson of Dr. James Douglas, after whom McGill's Douglas Hall of Residence is named. Dr. Douglas was also connected with the Verdun Insane Asylum, and it too has a Douglas Hall.

Mr. Douglas grew up in an Arizona mining town, where his first organizing venture was the formation of a baseball team among the local barefoot Mexican boys.

After a career at Amherst, the young Lewis Douglas joined the American army in France and finished the war with a Lieutenant's commission and a Belgian Croix de Guerre.

He returned to Arizona where his father had him start a mining career by working as a mucker. He, however, had different plans for his future, and by 1926 he was representing Arizona in Congress. Re-elected three times, he became Director of the Budget for Roosevelt's New Deal.

During the war Mr. Douglas served his country as head of the War Shipping Administration and in 1947 he went to England as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He proved an excellent Ambassador and won the respect and admiration of the British.

## Deadline Nears For NFCUS Story Contest

Only 15 days remain to write a masterpiece and submit it to the N.F.C.U.S. National Short Story Contest. The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. The stories, not to exceed 3,000 words in length, must be original and not have been printed in any but student publications.
  2. Entries may be written in English or French, but English translations must accompany entries to the national contest.
  3. All stories, and all rights to same, remain the exclusive property of the individual writer. The names of the winners will be published in each Campus Newspaper.
  4. Stories should be submitted under a pseudonym, the author's name accompanying the story in a sealed envelope bearing the same pseudonym.
  5. Two local winning stories from each university may be submitted to the national contest, which closes January 1.
  6. The local contest closes December 22, 1953.
- Entries should be handed in to George at the Tuck Shop; and should be addressed "N.F.C.U.S. Short Story Contest". An entry for Forge will be accepted in the National Contest also, if the author wishes.

## GERMAN PARTY

The German Club Christmas Party will be held at the Co-op House, 3609 University Street, on Saturday, December 12th.

The party will start at 8 p.m. and all coming are asked to bring a gift (not exceeding 25 cents in value) for Santa's sack. All German students and those studying German are invited to come and join in games, carol-singing and dancing and to hear zither playing by Erica Vopel. Refreshments will be served.

## Charities Set New Record

Get \$4,462 Hope to Reach Objective

With nearly 400 donations still to come in, the Combined Charities are within \$540 of their objective.

\$4,462.28 has been donated so far, \$4,136.28 coming from the student body, and \$326 from the staff and faculty. An average of \$1.70 was given by each of the 2,369 who donated, but this figure is brought down to \$1.04 per student, when the 540 who refused to donate are included in the total.

In spite of the efforts of the canvassers, there were 976 students who could not be contacted by telephone. For the benefit of these and for any others who want to help raise the total above \$5,000, booths have been set up in the Arts and Engineering Buildings and in the Physical Sciences Centre. This year's figure compares very well with last year's record total of \$3,938.

Reviewing the campaign, Dick Vanden Burgh, Chairman of the Combined Charities Executive, said: "The Combined Charities Committee is more than grateful to all those who have helped in this year's campaign. Time and work have been given willingly, and it is impossible to mention names, because of the large number who gave their services."

"I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Committee, the many student helpers, and last but certainly not least, the Faculty and the student body itself, who have all combined together to make this campaign a success."

## INDIA SALESMEN

Would all persons interested in joining the Sales Staff for "India-At-McGill" please contact Nancy McGill at DE. 6066 or HU. 8-8617.

If you have two hours or more to spare, your help would be much appreciated. More sales personnel and cashiers are needed.

Hours of Sale:  
Wednesday, December 9th — 2-6 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.  
Thursday, December 10th — 1-6 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.  
Friday, December 11th — 1-6 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.  
Saturday, December 12th — 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

## CORRECTION

The course in Modern Jewish History, announced in a Daily story yesterday is not connected with McGill, except in that it is open to McGill students. The Institute of Jewish Studies, which presents this course, is an independent body having absolutely no connection with the University.

## No-One Wins Radford Cup Solin Picks Six Finalists

### 27 Impromptu Speakers In Revived Contest

By Abby Benjamin

Six finalists were chosen by Dr. C. D. Solin, judge of the Radford Cup competition yesterday. Of the 27 who competed for the trophy Dr. Solin named Garth Mosher, BA 3, Yoine Goldstein, BA 3, Avrum Cohen, BCL 1, Jerry Charness, BCL 2, Jerome Smythe, BCL 3, and John Fraser, BA 3, as the six finalists.

The Radford Cup competition has not been held at McGill since 1928. The trophy is emblematic of the best impromptu speaker at the university, and since it has been thought that up until recently there have not been sufficient speakers of a high enough calibre to undertake such a competition the Radford Cup has not been run off since that time.

This year's contest for the trophy had 27 individuals speaking for a period of four minutes on subjects of varied general interest. Dr. Solin felt that rather than name the winner of the Radford Cup after this first competition, a final be held sometime in the future. He said that it was extremely difficult for one judge to name a single winner from so many speakers.

### MOSHER

Garth Mosher, BA 3, spoke on the topic "Resolved that the world is coming to an end." Mosher based his affirmative speech of the topic on poetry. Poetry, he stated, is dying. If it is not revived we will pass into nothing.

## Demand For Graduates Over Supply

The demand for last year's graduates, especially in Engineering and Applied Science, exceeded the supply, according to the 1952-53 report of the McGill Placement Service. Also last year, there were 20,000 job registrations, and 20,000 jobs provided — most of which were temporary or part time.

Visits by recruiting representatives from various companies reached a record high this year, with 101 separate visits to the University. This was considerably higher than last year's total, and has been rising steadily since 1948 when only 39 such visits were recorded.

Although the demand for Engineering and Science students was particularly marked, the Placement Service reports that "graduating students in all Faculties had little difficulty in securing satisfactory employment."

Registration for both Christmas vacation and summer jobs increased, with the number of placements for the summer reaching a new high of 516.

The report also noted that "Undergraduate talent continues to be expressed in innumerable ways." Cited examples are: "the more prosaic requests" for Santa Claus, clowns, etc., and a growing demand for square dance culture.

**GOLDSTEIN**  
Yoine Goldstein, BA 3, spoke about "War." He dealt with the cause of war and stated that in the main war's cause is disunity of purpose and war can be evaded by political unity.  
**COHEN**  
Avrum Cohen, BCL 1, argued (Continued on page 4)

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a pipe with  
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## Humour

## Trouble for the Boss

by Dorothy Sabin

Wall Boss, has eet hever struck you,  
Dat de secretaire, she is so nice,  
Always, le temps you play de dice,  
She cover up pour vous.

You play très longtemp,.  
You take, you schoose,  
You win, you lose,  
She know, mais she no comprends.

And when de time, eet como  
To jack up de wage,  
You fly into a rage,  
And say; "Me too, I'm homme."

"Ah oui," she say très gentil,  
"I tell all,  
Den you fall.  
Beaucoup you pay, vous comprenez."

"Yes, yes," dit-il.  
"To save my life  
Don't tell my wife,  
I raise de beel!"

"O. Kay," dit le secretaire.  
You play your dice—  
I cover up nice  
Da beel she's fat, I do not care.

And now I take Mon Chien  
Bonsoir my boss,  
Do not be cross,  
I did well today, TRES BIEN.

## Honourable Mention

## Love

by Ron Sutherland

"You foolish little girl," said I  
And she replied, "I love you."  
Then I explained the reasons  
why  
she should do all but loathe  
me.

"This little word called love,"  
said I,  
"for all your fifteen years,  
too vast.

You surely cannot understand  
its depth and power and  
meaning,  
its spiritual significance,  
in contrast to your dreaming."

But then she spoke and  
pointed out  
tho mating mallards in the  
sky.

"Those birds up there know  
less than I,"  
and said again, "I love you."

## Honourable Mention

## The Old Crab

by Ian McLaren

Pepperell tip-toed up the  
stairs, trying to dodge his land-  
lord. It was a laudable at-  
tempt, for he owed his land-  
lord fifty dollars. Pepperell  
was an author, unsuccessful up  
to then, and therefore in debt.

The thickset shadow at the  
stairtop, however, caused Pep-  
perell's hopes for a peaceful  
evening to disintegrate, for it  
resolved itself into the figure  
of his chief creditor, fastened  
itself to Pepperell's arm, and  
marched him into his room.

"Well," said the chief cre-  
ditor, "where's my fifty  
bucks?"

Pepperell felt that his land-  
lord need not be so blunt.  
Being an author, he had some  
imagination, but it usually  
played the traitor in crises li-  
ke the one at hand. This time  
was no exception.

## Honourable Mention

## Limerick

by George Sanderson

A car salesman once had a  
suggestion  
Which he put to his boss as  
a question.  
Why not use Hypnosis  
To promote widespread Psy-  
chosis.  
And sell cars by autosugges-  
tion ?

## Honourable Mention

## Here And Abroad

by Emilio Venezian

My body is here,  
So is my mind,  
But here my soul you shall  
not find,

For it is where  
Eternal Spring  
Makes beauty seem less rare,  
Where friends for whom  
I care  
Make my soul sing.

I hope some day  
I shall be there,  
Among the weeping willows,  
where,  
One day in May  
Eternal Spring  
Shall make me sing.

## The Gold Key

(Continued from page I)

was his footman. This was the  
dream which kept him hungry  
and kept him working. This  
was the dream which led him  
every Friday night to his cache  
along the railroad.

One Friday night Philip re-  
membered he had dropped his  
cap and turned back along the  
narrow alley. As he skipped  
along the tracks he saw a  
movement near his treasure-  
hole. He stopped, uncertain in  
the twilight. A figure was bent  
over the embankment scooping  
out the pitiful deposits in Phil-  
ip's warren. It straightened up  
and began to brush the coal-  
dust off his overalls. Philip let  
out a stifled gasp of recogni-  
tion. It was the foreman.

Crying with rage, Philip  
lowered his head and charged  
like a bull. The foreman hesi-  
tated and turned too late to  
face the unexpected assailant.  
Philip butted him in the mid-  
riff and the winded labourer  
tripped over the rails. There  
was a brute scream of terror;  
then a roar like Niagara. A  
blast of steam scalded Philip's  
face and forearms. He rolled,  
whimpering, down the embank-  
ment, and his dollars scattered  
like leaves before an autumn  
storm. A train clattered past.

Philip lay blubbing in the  
dirty snow. Within him the  
monotone of the organ-grinder  
chanted repeatedly: "He has  
stolen my key, my golden key."  
Beside him a mangled leg  
twitched spasmodically and the  
gory head of the foreman leered  
in death. Outside, a thous-  
and moons away, a policeman  
shook Philip by the shoulder,

and a woman jabbered in the  
dark.

In the daytime they charged  
Philip with murder. The wo-  
man in the dark - the fore-  
man's widow - had seen Philip  
push the labourer into the path  
of the train. The money clutch-  
ed in his hand testified to the  
motive. Witnesses were called.  
Prosecutors railed. He was a  
menace of the streets. He  
ought to be hung. The judge  
frowned and Philip cried. He  
cried over again his only  
thought:

"He has stolen my key. He  
has stolen my key."  
In view of his age, Philip was  
only sentenced to life imprison-  
ment.

Out in the sunlight, across  
the smoky city, a wayfarer  
found Philip's savings strewn  
across the railroad. The way-  
farer was a kindly man who  
loved his wife and daughter.  
He took the money to a toy  
shop and bought a present. He  
bought a doll's house with  
real furniture and real china.  
It had real windows and a little  
door - with a real lock. In the  
lock was a little gold key.

## Honourable Mention

## Limerick

by George Sanderson

There was a professor nam-  
ed Spratt  
Who ran through his cour-  
se at a trot.  
When asked to explain  
He feigned great disdain.  
And said, "My good man,  
it's all rot."

## The Challenge

(Continued from page III)

After supper, Bruce went to  
his room and meditated silent-  
ly for many minutes. If any-  
one had chanced to enter the  
room just then, they might  
have noticed tears in his eyes.

Next morning the alarm  
rang as usual. Bruce reached  
up and calmly silenced the

awakener, then stretched and  
sat on the edge of his bed. He  
was about to close his eyes and  
linger as long as he could,  
then a look of pleasant deter-  
mination came over his face;  
as if he was about to meet a  
challenge, and he arose smil-  
ing.

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Said the author, desperation  
quivering in his voice, "In  
two weeks your money will  
be paid. In the meantime, I  
haven't got a cent."

There was one thing the  
author did not know. For the  
past three days, the landlord  
had been surreptitiously sneak-  
ing into Pepperell's room and  
reading his unfinished saga.  
Thought he, "The boy has tal-  
ent." Flinty and without sym-  
pathy he might appear, but he  
could not kick out Pepperell  
until he had read "who-done-  
it."

Pepperell sat in deep de-  
jection.

"Well," said the old crab,  
looking dourly at the wall,  
"I've a ten-spot you can bor-  
row."

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# "McGill Writes" - A Brief Survey

## Editor's Note

This is the first time that The Daily has tried to present the results of the Christmas Literary contest in tabloid form. This insert is complete in itself and can be removed from the rest of The Daily without trouble.

The editors are very pleased with the results of the second contest, which lasted for only two weeks. The entries in the poetry and limerick sections were many and varied. However, the number of entries for the short story section was somewhat disappointing, since only eight contributions were received.

The calibre of the poetry contributions as well as of the limericks is in general considerably higher than of that of the entries for the first contest. But, while some of the short stories are very good, we feel that as a whole the short stories do not live up to the usual standards of McGill students.

In the final analysis, the faults of this tabloid are those of the entries, its successes, their successes. The Daily merely tries to be a mirror of the thought at McGill.

D. E.

### First Place

## Pumpkinseed Lake

by Jim Brierley

There are some cedars at one end of the lake,  
Old, solid boles swinging up out of the mud.  
They curve like strong, smooth bones  
Ragged with strands of dry, brown meat  
And stringy green spinach.

Behind them, the wet earth  
Slopes up into papery golden leaves  
And they go frothing off through the picket forest.  
The stiff gray wires of beech and maple saplings  
Pop into the air  
And black old stumps slouch over themselves  
Like grumpy bears.

In the water under the cedars  
White fingers of sticks lie in the mud  
And the singed and smoky hairbrush  
Of an uprooted spruce  
Sprinkles its black needles across the sky.

Down the far shore  
A nervous breeze laps among the snags and deadheads  
And two ducks  
Paddle in the autumn sunlight.

### Second Place

## The Gold Key

by Christopher Lawson

At fourteen, Philip ran away from home. Actually, his parents saw him leave, but one less hungry mouth out of nineteen was a blessing. He was a frightened boy, driven by the resolution of new manhood, yet insecure in his lingering childhood. He found his work in a factory and slept in the park. It was summertime, but Philip shivered in his shabby topcoat. He was small and spindly for his age.

When winter came Philip changed to the night shift. His days were spent eating in restaurants, strolling through museums, and sleeping in railway stations. He watched people hustle by - small, silent people; large, puffing people; young, laughing people and haggard begging people. He wandered, alone and cautious in the swirling oblivion of the city, staring at the elegant apartment buildings. He watched in awe as the silent footman closed glass doors behind some haughty back. He longed for a black coat and a black hat. He longed for a gold key to one of those

apartments, his own apartment. But he stood dreaming outside, huddled in the snow, and his only friend was the organ-grinder.

The organ-grinder had lost one arm and all his money. He had been a proud craftsman, but Philip knew him only as a beggar with stooped shoulders, wrinkled yellow skin and alcoholic breath. The organ-grinder told Philip to save his money and strive for an education. Philip had hated school, but that was the way to the gold key of his dreams. So he nodded and hid his money along the railway embankment, spending his wakeful hours staring at meaningless words in the library. Sometimes he was late for work and the foreman beat him. He lived nowhere and everywhere. He ate little and smelled abominably. But always when the workmen laughed he looked beyond them. Beyond he saw his dream, where he wore a silk scarf and where the foreman  
(Continued on page IV)

### First Place

## The Green World

by Marianne Macdonald

He was such a pretty fish—bright orange on his back and shiny gold on his belly, and his tail-fin floated behind him like a drop of milk spreading through the water in the jam-jar. Timmy stood by the table and stared up. The fish had come home with Pa in a white carton. The boy stared at the fish, and the fish swam round and round in the jar that Pa had found in the closet. Timmy stretched on tiptoe and reached out to touch the glass walls that held the strangeness, but the table was too high. He could only stand and watch, with his throat tightening with love. He loved him more than anyone except Pa, who had brought him home.

"Tim!" The boy pressed close to the table-leg. Ma had come into the room behind him. Her faded purple dress loomed over him, and her red hand was pulling him away from the table.

"Will you stop mooning around that fish?" she asked

him tiredly. "You've been underfoot all day. Go on out and play. I've got enough to do looking out for the baby. I wish your Pa'd never brought the thing home." Timmy's stomach curled up into a little knot of dread. "And me without ten dollars in my purse! Now, scram." She pushed him across the room.

Timmy stopped and looked back. Ma was standing over the table, looking down at the jar. She had such a strange, intent air that Timmy felt a shiver of fear.

"Ma, don't hurt him! You won't throw him away?" Ma stared absent-mindedly.

"Don't be silly," she said. "Scram!" Timmy was afraid to delay any longer.

He did not want to go down into the street. For a moment he stood pressed against the door-jamb, but he was afraid that Ma might be mad if she found him there, so he set off down the hall toward the end and deep shadows outside

Mrs. Callaghan's door. He crept past softly so that no one would hear him.

In the corner, where the tiles were broken, he sat down on the floor with his back to the crumbling plaster. From Mrs. Callaghan's door came the smell of meat and onions cooking. Timmy stretched out on the dusty floor and pulled at one of the broken tiles. From the Steinbergs' apartment across the way, voices rose suddenly, and the littlest baby began to scream. Timmy listened with bared ears, but the noise died away. He sighed. Ma said that Mr. and Mrs. Steinberg had bad fights, and that would have been fun. But he guessed that nothing was going to happen.

Ma and Pa had fights, too, but not loud. Pa said that Ma thought he shouldn't be so happy. Ma said that if Pa would just apply himself, they wouldn't have to scrape so much, and they might be able to have some fun sometimes. That would be nice. But Pa had brought the fish home, and he loved Pa.

The boy crouched down in his corner. He found that, by pretending, he could see the fish perfectly clearly. Magically, it was there with him, swimming round in a flurry of fins in its jar, nosing against the glass sides. The hall was filled with its white and gold.

Timmy's own door opened noisily. He jumped and huddled back. Ma came out and turned the other way, toward the stairs. She knocked on the next floor down the hall, and for a moment there came the murmur of greetings. Then she disappeared into Mrs. Blaker's apartment. Timmy caught his breath, jumped to his feet, and tiptoed swiftly down to his own door. It was open a crack. The dark little room was still, and the golden fish swam in its jar.

Timmy knew that this was his best chance to get close to the fish. He dashed in across the room and pushed a light chair against the table, joggling it so that the water splashed about in the neck of the jam-jar. With a scramble he was up, one foot on the chair and one knee braced against the table-top itself. He leaned over the jar and looked down.

It was all different. The depth of water and the thick glass bottom made a world of green. Where the glass thickened at the centre was a deeper patch of colour like a pool. The fish was dancing, twisting, flying. It came up to the surface and broke water, gulping air with a small round mouth. Timmy chuckled with delight and leaned on the table, his wide eyes filled with a green-gold-white dream. Gently he touched the smooth, cold glass of the green world.

(Continued on page II)

### Second Place

## Birdsong At Night

by Marianne Macdonald

When the quiet threw its wide, pale hand  
Across last night's dark garden trees,  
From a hot bed I watched  
Shadow and shadow creep across the flat sky.  
And felt a lifting breeze across my face  
Ghosting the curtains.  
Then, a song,  
Fullthroated thrilling, rose across  
The empty space of budding trees and half-brown grass.

So I waited, unbelieving, in a nightingaleless contingent.

For an hour it seemed the silence froze  
Before the sound's cool stream again  
Washed through the open window, turned the trees outside  
To Japanese-print branches against a lacquered sky.  
Somewhere, I pictured, in the waiting garden  
On one high branch a bird,  
Small brown hot pulsing thriver,  
Sat motionless and now and then sent forth  
This green madrigal  
Whose beauty was its loneliness  
In a dark, tangled, city wilderness.

### First Place

## Limerick

by George Sanderson

There was an old judge named McClury  
Who spent his whole life in a fury.  
One day while confused  
He freed the accused,  
And mistakenly jailed the whole Jury.

### Second Place

## Limerick

by George Sanderson

There was an amoeba named Sue  
Who always was splitting in two.  
A virus demanded  
To know why she expanded,  
And Sue said, I haven't a clue.



**Honourable Mention**

# Five Thoughts

by John Lochs

- 1  
Never have I beheld the beauty of a star,  
To darker lands my vision why has fled?  
Who tells me what the joys of living are,  
What is colour, and what 'tis to be glad?
- 2  
Happy he is, the man who does believe,  
In things divine or pleasures of the time,  
In trees or stones or books or names or love,  
In life or pain or everlasting crime.  
Happy the man, whose eyes the future scan,  
Who hopes to hope to reach the infinite,  
Who has no doubt in knowledge or in truth,  
Who can himself of sceptic laughter rid  
When looking at the life on our sphere,  
When seeing all that we have held so dear.
- 3  
Who has not thought of life as of a dream,  
A fairyland of misery and pain,  
Whose highways we, the exiled and the weak  
For ever walk in hopeless, endless vain?
- 4  
You cannot form the lives of millions,  
As no man could, not even Genghis Khan.  
But you can build your own, and truly so,  
Build on the soundest basement that you know,  
Then, with heart uplifted give example strong,  
That imitated by the next decade  
Will change the world by working in the deep.
- 5  
In my dreams I often see the past,  
The never ceasing stream of dateless days,  
In my dream I touch the deep abyss  
Of painful truth; — finite and infinite  
Abide by spirit call and wait to show,  
That all is but the slave of Master Time.  
But in my dreams, in dreams alone, I'm free,  
When I am Time, and Time a part of me.

## The Green World

(Continued from page I)

A board creaked. Timmy stiffened. If Ma caught him here . . . Voices sounded in the hall, and he knew he had to get away before she came back. He jumped frantically for the floor, the chair fell out from under him, and one flailing arm caught the jam-jar, weeping it to the ground with a cracking of glass.

Timmy jumped up from where he had fallen and stared down at the shattered jar, the water soaking into the rug in a great, dark patch, and the golden fish leaping and gasping in the midst of the wreckage.

Footsteps in the hall outside were hurrying toward the door. With a little cry, he stopped, caught the slippery fish, and thrust it into a pocket. He

ran into the bedroom, sobbing under his breath, with the fish fluttering gently against his body. He ran, stumbling, and crouched between his bed and the wall. He heard his mother enter the other room. The flutter in his pocket had stopped.

With infinite care, he reached in and pulled out his fish. The filmy white fins were gray rolls, and already the gold was fading from the scales. Some cookie-crumbs that had been in the bottom of his pocket were stuck to the little orange body.

Ma's footsteps came into the room and moved purposefully toward the bed. Timmy did not look up. He knew he was going to get a licking — an awful licking. And it didn't matter one bit.

**Third Place**

# The Drunkard

by Irwin Brown

Mrs. Van Buren stood, threw forward her ample bosom in righteous indignation, and in a well-modulated screech, said, "Madame chairman, we of the investigating committee have found that everyone agrees the garbage disposal service in this community is simply awful!" At this, there was much nodding and turning of plumed and flowered heads, clucking noises and other comment. Mrs. Van Buren, encouraged by the support received, continued:—"Why, just the other day, some nasty garbageman refused to take away a broken old loveseat of mine . . . and furthermore . . ."

Mrs. Van Buren talked on. Near the back of the room, sitting hunched in a wooden chair, was a small, slight, balding man, dressed in a neat dark blue pinstriped suit. His face wore an expression of rapt attention. His head was cocked to one side, eyes fixed on the speaker, lips imperceptibly moving . . .

"... Old goat! . . . If the loveseat was as big as hers, no wonder they couldn't carry it . . . why did Alice have to be so mean and make me come here . . . It was her idea to join this society, anyway . . . the least she could have done was to take the caramel out of her mouth when she told me . . . blah, blah, blah — bunch of cackling old hens . . . she was not THAT busy . . . what is so important about Mabel's new hat? . . . she didn't HAVE to talk to Clara . . . I'm a faithful, loving husband, and all I ask is a little — why doesn't somebody put their foot in that woman's mouth?"

He must have spoken aloud, because Mrs. Rhinehardt turned her head and gave him a look that meant, "Were you speaking, worm?" He grinned sheepishly and stared at the floor.

"... Who does she think she is anyway . . . that's what's wrong with women . . . think they're such bigshots . . . someday, someday, I'll show them." " . . . And now let's have an opinion from the masculine view-point, Mr. Dowling?"

Wakened suddenly from his reverie, he blushed in embarrassment. Finally, he stammered, "I-I think s-so too." There were squeals of delighted approval and polite applause at the statement. Several women looked at him fondly and he could hear, "Such a nice, quiet little man." "So understanding and faithful—not like my George."

"Why don't they leave me alone . . . who cares about their committee . . . I wouldn't be here if Alice didn't make me come . . . I could have refused, but we would fight, and I would have a nosebleed, and there would be a mess . . . didn't even have a hot supper for me . . . never has . . . Alice . . . is . . . a . . . meanie . . ."

His head was just nodding in sleep, when a door slammed and into the room rushed a large group of people, yelling and singing. The men and women who were meeting were immediately absorbed into this happy throng, and Dowling

was left sitting alone. He rose to leave. Just then a man swooped down upon him, threw an arm around his shoulders, and peered in to Dowling's eyes, his face inches away.

"How-w-w ya doin', Charley?"

The force of his breath knocked Dowling backward. "My name is Henry, and YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING!"

The man smiled sweetly. "Mine's George. How dja guess?" "C'mon, Charley, buy you a drink." He looped his arm under Henry's and dragged him to a table. "Give my friend Charley, here, a drink, Sam. A big one!"

The man called Sam asked, "What's your pleasure, Charley?"

Henry sputtered, "Ssee here, my name is not Charley, and I don't . . ."

Before he could finish, the man poured some amber liquid in to a glass and pushed it into Henry's hand.

The man named George said, "That's right, Charley. Drink up." "Stop calling me Charley and I do not want to."

George turned and shouted, "Hey, ol'las. Charley Killjoy here doesn't want to join the party!"

Several men detached themselves from the mass and rushed over. Under the directions of George, they grabbed Henry, carried him bodily to a couch and sat on him till his struggling subsided. Then they forced open his jaws and poured two ounces of amber liquid in to Henry's mouth. When he had swallowed it all, they left him.

Henry lay on the couch, coughing, for about five minutes. Then, as if he suddenly remembered his humiliating experience, he surged off the couch, his arm outstretched to signify his rage. However, Henry suddenly found that his organs of balance could not find the vertical, and his outstretched arm described a perfect arc as they found the horizontal, and Henry went crashing to the floor, face down. He stayed there for a few moments, waiting until the room settled down to its normal position.

(Continued on page III)

**Third Place**

# Limerick

by Goldie Kaplonsky

Don't misunderstand me, my sweet,  
I do think your B.A.'s a feat!  
But what good's your knowledge,  
Your four years at college,  
When hubby wants something to eat?

## famous last words

Having the last word may not endear you to your enemies but it seems to be a good way of being remembered.

Take Julius Caesar. "Et tu, Brute", he remarked as Brutus did him in. It couldn't stop a sticky end, but what fine ammunition it gave political orators bent on castigating party deserters!

And how about Charles the Second's "I fear, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a'dying?" The Merry Monarch's peccadillos were enough to assure him a place in history anyway, but it was the exit line that established Charles, if not much of a king, at least as a fellow with a nice sense of humour.

Another weakish type who knew opportunity when he saw it was Dicken's Sydney Carton. "It is a far, far better thing that I do", cried Carton before the guillotine, "than I have ever done." Let's admit Sydney had other things in mind, but those happen to be just the words that pop into the head when you sip your first beaker of Molson's.

With ale, of course, the first words are inevitably "Make Mine Molson's"—a phrase that comes as "trippingly to the tongue" (*Hamlet*) as any of history's memorable utterances. Then, after the waiter sets down the long, green bottle or amber glassful "the rest is silence" (also *Hamlet*). No words can do justice to the superb flavour and bouquet of "The Ale Your Great-Grandfather Drank".

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### Third Place

## Laurentian November

by Jim Brierley

All around are the upturned bowls of the hills.  
Bobbing up out of nowhere  
And slithering down again.  
No peak, no crest,  
Not even a break in the trees.  
Trunks sticking out at odder angles  
The higher up they grow,  
Poking fun at the hills  
For their silly round shapes.  
But the hills are not funny —  
They are cold and ragged.  
They have no system or design  
Nor any need of one.  
Bulging up in ribald contempt  
Of pattern or propriety,  
Wagging bristling chins  
Against the sky.  
Laughing at men and agriculture.  
Nothing but gray —  
Gray trees and snow and sky.  
And the bouncing, crazy hills  
Tumbling up the horizon.

Lying down between the hills  
In uncaring contradiction  
Are the smooth lead plates of lakes.  
Scattered specks of alien flatness.  
Stabbing planes of gray  
Wedging the hills apart.  
Shining steel,  
Or rifled stone,  
Moulding the bays and islands.  
Strewn petals of mercury  
Warring with the blackened hills  
In tortured incongruity.

### The Drunkard

(Continued from page II)

Someone finally came along and helped him up, suggesting that what he needed, was a drink. Henry admitted that he was a little dizzy, and perhaps a drink would help him, and he drank the half-tumbler of liquid offered. He coughed a little and sat down on the floor. He looked around. Oh, yes. Everything was much clearer now. Mrs. Tutley had two heads and the young lady with the wavy face was smoking a white broomstick. But why did Mr. Berkley keep jumping up and down? Now, that's a silly thing to do, Henry thought. He heard music and saw that the whole room, including the people, was dancing. He remembered that he hadn't danced in years.

He got up and grabbed the form nearest him. After being roughly pushed, he apologized to Mr. Stubbs. He then encircled the waist of Miss Chartell, and proceeded to jitterbug to a foxtrot tune. While dancing, he recalled an exotic performance he had once seen a young lady do on stage. He climbed up onto a table and began to execute the various steps, to the accompanying shrieks of the audience. Before he could finish, someone pulled his tie with force, and he deliberately directed the course of his flight from the table at Mrs. Van Buren. Having rearranged his clothing, he quenched his thirst several times and invented the game of undoing the fasteners on women's dresses. All the while, he noticed that many of his wife's friends were looking at him oddly and that they refrained from playing the games. Henry was then seized with a fit of giggling, and wanting every to enjoy the party also, he went about licking them. Tiring of this, he

had a great deal of fun dropping olives down the front of off-the-shoulder dresses. Having done this to one blond woman, she stopped him and said, looking at him with meaning. "If you want to get your olive back I'll see you upstairs."

"All right," said Henry, and he climbed up the stairs. Suddenly tired, he found a room with a bed, and taking off his shoes, lay down. Just as he was succumbing to the soft mattress, he saw the blond woman enter the room. He waved to her, rolled over and went to sleep.

He awoke at four A.M. The house was silent. Henry put on his shoes and went home. He entered his bedroom and found his wife, Alice, asleep and snoring softly. He got into his own bed and followed her example.

In the morning, he went into the kitchen and found the usual cold porridge in a pot. Although he vaguely remembered why, he felt very very happy. Henry put some porridge in a bowl and sat down. The telephone rang. He made a motion to answer it, but then relaxed. Recalling the night's events, he smiled when he imagined the conversation that would go on between Alice and her society friends over that telephone. It rang again. He heard Alice pick it up, and the excited babble that came from the other end. Silence. Then Alice: "What? WHAT? Henry, COME HERE THIS MINUTE!"

"Yes, dear."

Henry chuckled, and started toward the room, the bowl of porridge balanced carefully on the palm of his right hand — the hand of the arm that had pitched strikes to many a batter in college.

### Honourable Mention

Bruce reached up and turned off the alarm. It had been ringing for about ten minutes, and all that time he had cursed the biting sound. Although he was not a bit tired, he hated to get up because it meant another day of limping painfully along on his twisted foot. A look of despair came over his face as he pushed down the covers and caught sight of the damaged limb. He had been a better-than-average athlete up to the time of the accident. Now he was absolutely useless. Why he even had trouble climbing a flight of stairs. Bruce clumsily dressed and clutching his cane, proceeded awkwardly to the table where breakfast awaited him. There was a warm smile on his mother's face, as she placed the food before him.

"Good morning, Bruce," she beamed. "Isn't it beautiful out today?"

"This damn coffee's cold again," he snapped.

### Honourable Mention

## God and the Flaun Thing

by Barrie Angus McLean

Once there was a flaun thing  
Along a long timeago:  
It grew where a bomb fell  
A long along timeago.

Sibs who ventured near sickened  
And all around wasted away:  
Tospite this they stayed and prayed  
While allaround wasted away.

Under a sideways X they prayed  
To a god for a home:  
They'd never possessed much  
For their god like a home.

The cross was wrong and the God was the one of their fathers  
Fathers, but the prayer was right  
As the Godfaith of their fathers.

Intime the flaun fizzled out cold  
And all grew back greenalive again:  
The faith was old as the hope true  
And old grew new green alive again.

## Challenge

by Ron Sutherland

"I'm sorry, Bruce. You took so long in getting up, and I know how you get mad these days when you have to wait, so I —"

"Never mind. Forget it. Just let me eat in peace without any of your blasted preaching this morning," interrupted the son harshly.

Presently he left the house and arrived at college for his day's courses. The lectures were becoming increasingly boring lately, and the talk of his old friends did nothing but irritate him. He was beginning to hate the thought of women and romance. The doctor had often pointed out the many cases of people in hopelessly worse condition than he, yet this afforded him no consolation. So what if there were people worse off than he? They were meant to be that way — he was never meant to drag around with a cane and be left out of sports and dances and everything that used to be his life. What good were words? Some people can never feel the weight of words — can never see the pictures which language conjures. And the thing which made matters so infinitely more unbearable was that everyone insisted on feeling sorry for him. Take June for example. She kept phoning and trying to be so compassionate. The other night, she asked him to go to a party with her. But he was sure that she was only doing it because she was sorry for him. He told her he was too busy.

Eventually the last lecture was over, and Bruce started home. He cursed the bus driver who pulled away before he

could reach the door, although he realized that the man could not possibly have seen him. The bus arrived at the busy intersection where Bruce had to transfer and, disembarking, he proceeded to the corner.

The young man stood on the sidewalk for a moment waiting for the light to change. All at once, as if from nowhere, he felt a hard grip his arm and turning, he saw an elderly man with black glasses. Bruce stared at the man for a moment then his eyes caught sight of the object in the old fellow's hand: It was a white cane.

"Would you help me across the street please," said the old man.

Bruce didn't quite know what to do or say for a moment; then he noticed that the light had changed to green. Without a word, he took the old man's arm and, clutching his own cane, carefully conveyed his charge to the safety of the opposite sidewalk. Many wondering eyes followed the strange pair as they struggled over the pavement.

"Thank you, Sir," said the old man and continued on his tapping way.

Bruce sat down to supper that night and before his mother could speak, he announced: "Isn't it a lovely evening, Maw."

The woman was surprised, but she turned an' dreplied: "Why yes, Bruce. It certainly is."

(Continued on page IV)

JEANNETTE M. CAYFORD

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER

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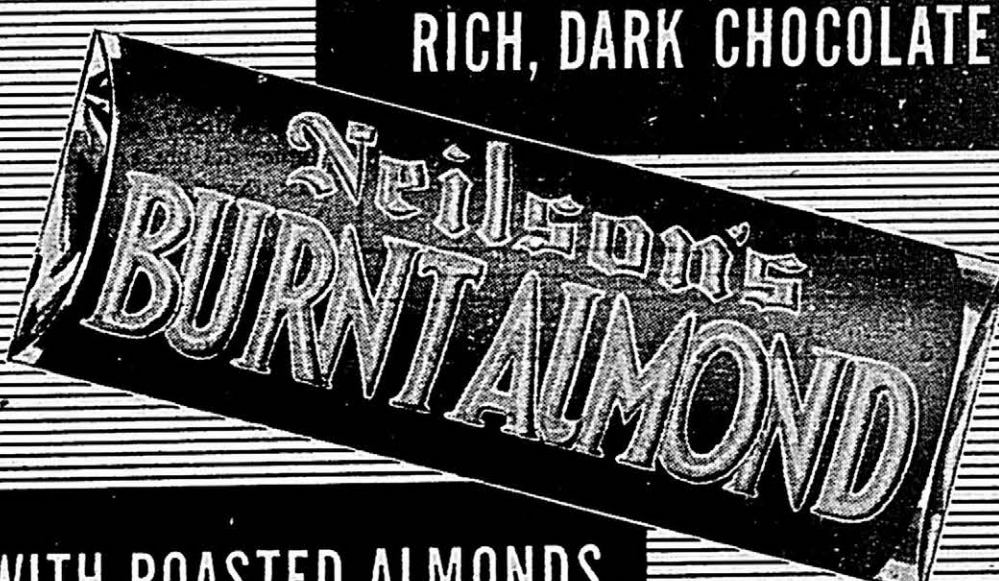
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# Many Sports Featured At Athletics Night 1

The first of three Athletics' Nights, to be held this year, will be staged on Saturday evening Dec. 12 at the Currie Gym. Students and outsiders as well will be offered a unique opportunity of viewing, in one night, a thorough cross-section of the University's Athletic curriculum. Added to this, for the admission price of one dollar, top teams from the United States and Canada will be competing for honours in Waterpolo, Boxing, Squash, Basketball or what have you.

**Worked Hard**  
Committee chairmen, Farrel Hyde, Trevor Bishop and Vince O'Donnell have worked extremely hard to make this first Athletics' Night a rousing success. A great number of competitive and exhibition events will be staged, thus providing something to please every taste.

The evening will be topped off with a gala dance, the music

to be provided by the popular Westernaires.

Highlighting the night's program will be an exhibition basketball game, the senior Redmen hooking up with the Catamounts of the University of Vermont. This will be the second meeting between the two teams, who played last week in Burlington, with the seniors ending on the short end of an 83-42 count. To make up for our own sadly lamented lack of cheerleaderettes, the Green Mountain boys are bringing their own with them to liven up the proceedings.

**Meet Georgians**  
Ron Sharp's Intermediate hoopers tangle with the Georgians in another basketball fixture. The Inters will be looking for their first win of the season, having dropped their first tilt to Queen's. Howie Ryan's Gymnastic crew will put on an exhibition during the intermission of the senior basketball match. Another inter-

esting display will be put on by Mike Yuhasz's wrestlers.

For the waterpolo and swimming enthusiasts, a full slate has been scheduled. Norm Ashton's poloists play host to the powerful Varsity team in the second game of a two game total point series for the Inter-collegiate championship, while the swimming team will compete in an open meet. Twelve teams will compete in this meet, among them such well known squads as YMCA, Concordia, MAAA, and the Palms Montclair from Quebec City, along with YMCA.

Squash enthusiasts will be given a treat as the Red and White team under Al Molloy take on highly touted Harvard squad. Molloy's boys are at present sailing along quite well in the Inter City Squash loop and, ought to give the Harvard men a run for their money.

Bert Light's boxers take on the pugilists from Queen's University. The Kingston squad will prove formidable opponents, boasting several Inter-collegiate champs. If anyone hereabouts missed the Marciano-LaStarza bout, here is your chance to take in some first class boxing.

Admission charge is one dollar per person.

## Georgian Five Visitors On Weekend

The Intermediate basketball home season opens this Saturday on Athletics Night when the Indians take on their city rivals, the Sir George Williams College Georgians. This one shapes up as a close one since the Georgians just recently lost a close contest to Queens.

According to the latest spy reports, Buddy Naismith, Doug Reid and Julie Avratick are the boys to watch on Mag Flynn's strong crew. The Stanley Street squad have always been tough for the Inters and only last year handed the team a 15 point pasting. With Ozzie Zimmers, Stan Diamond, Bill Shaw and the latest addition, Mitch Klein of football fame carrying the mall for the home team, this year may prove a different story altogether.

Coach Ron Sharpe is really driving the boys for this one and is hoping to have them 'up' for this go. As a tune up, the Inters will tackle the Seniors in a practice session on Thursday.

Peter Regenstrief

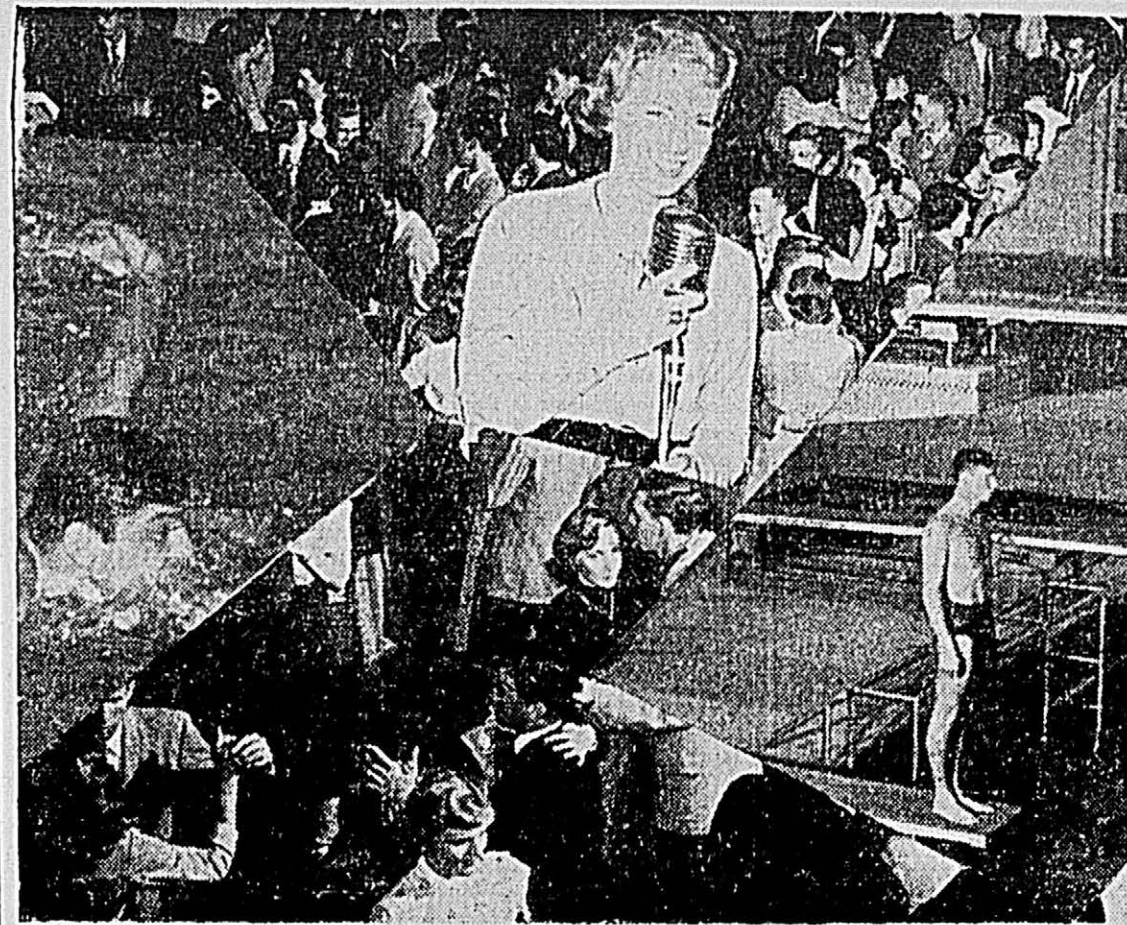
## Women's Events

**BADMINTON**  
Closing date for this club will be Dec. 15. Until this time, the semi-finals and the finals of the intramural singles tournament will continue, from 7:30 to 8 p.m. along with plain round robin play for those girls interested.

**ARCHERY**  
Dec. 10 will be the last day for shooting in this sport before Christmas. It will be in the form of a novelty shoot, with Santa Claus and Christmas tree as targets. Everybody, welcome, in the Rifle Range from 3-6 p.m.

**SWIMMING**  
There will be meetings of the synchronized club on Dec. 8 and Dec. 15. Beginners should come at 8, with the more advanced swimming at 9 o'clock.

**VOLLEYBALL**  
Final meeting of this club will be held on Dec. 16, when the finals in the current intramural competition will take place.



McGill's first of three Athletics' Nights will be held this Saturday, Dec. 12. Everything from "soup to nuts", athletically speaking, will be offered, along with dancing to the Westernaires to round off the evening. Admission is one dollar and the first event is slated for 7:45.

## Red Hoop Squad Take On UVM

By Harvey Moss

The Senior basketball Redmen of McGill University have had 273 points scored against them in their first three games so far this season. These games have all been played away from home and so McGill fans have been spared the humiliation of seeing mentor Joe Anderson's men getting ripped to pieces at the hands of the opposition.

But this Saturday at the first Athletics' Night to be held at McGill this year the Redmen will be facing the University of Vermont Catamounts and this will be the first opportunity for Redmen fans to see their hoopers in action.

Last Wednesday, the Redmen travelled down to Burlington to meet UVM and were handled very neatly by a high scoring Catamount team who dropped the fighting Redmen by 88-42 score. The McGillians hope to redeem themselves come Saturday but the task will be a difficult one.

## Women Fencers Hold Social Eve

The McGill fencing club is really getting into the swing of things with a gala social evening to be held on Thursday, December 10th.

The fencing enthusiasts have invited a mixed group from the Westmount YMCA for the evening.

All McGill fencers are urged to turn out because it will give them a chance to get to know each other better.

John D. Baines, manager of the Women's Fencing Club, wishes to remind all women members that the intramural competition will be held on Monday, January 25.

Sorel Yellin

what with such stars as Nat Campana, Gerry Samuels and Keith Jampolis on hand for the fray. The red hoopers hopes depend mainly on Paul Anderson, Mel Mikalacki, Hugh Raphael, and captain Gordie Edwards. If these boys can come through in the style that they are capable of the game should prove a little more than interesting than the runaway we saw in Burlington.

## Science Cop Coed Semis

Last night saw the first of the two semi-final basketball games of the Intramural Circuit with the Monday winners Science and Phys. Ed. 1 battling it out and the latter being defeated by a 34-16 score.

Playing for Science, V. Marinakys as the high scorer of the game, racking up 15 points. The first quarter was fast and played equally well by Phys. Ed. 1 and Science but the score was 10-4 for Science. At the end of the second quarter the score was still in favour of Science and stood at 20-10 with D. Turpell and V. Marinakys playing exceptionally well for Science and W. Brock and J. Luke trying hard to beat them, on the Phys. Ed. team.

The second half of the game was fast and furious as the earlier half with both teams going at it with high speed but the Phys. Ed. team did not quite make it for the game ended with a high score of 34-16 for the Science team. Esther Williams for Science and J. Radcliffe on the Phys. Ed. team were excellent in their guarding the winners.

Esther Yellin

# Pucksters Meet Laval Friday

Laval University will provide the opposition for Rocky Robillard's hockey Redmen in their first Intercollegiate game, scheduled for the Forum freeze this Friday evening. The Red and Gold have a win under their belts already, downing the Varsity Blues 3-1 over the weekend.

The McGill squad is the only that has not played a game as yet in the rah-rah loop, while the high flying University of Montreal Carabins currently lead the pack, with two victories over the winless Toronto squad, who have dropped three in a row. Over the weekend, Robillard's squad split two games with the University of Michigan Wolverines, dropping the first 7-2, but bouncing back to take the final 7-6. In the first tilt, the boys couldn't get untracked and were completely outplayed by the Wolverines, who checked them into

the ice, but a new team took the ice on Saturday, as the Redmen showed the form expected of them, and came up with their first win of the season. The one disappointing feature of the weekend jaunt to Michigan, was the inability of the Schutz, McElheron, English line to score. The fellows had a number of scoring opportunities but couldn't "buy a goal".

## HOCKEY TICKETS

McGill's Hockey Redmen open the college season Friday night at the Forum against Laval. Your athletic book coupon and 25c is the admission price. Cheerleaders and the McGill Band will be in attendance so let's live it up with great exuberance.

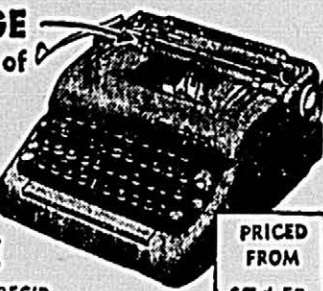
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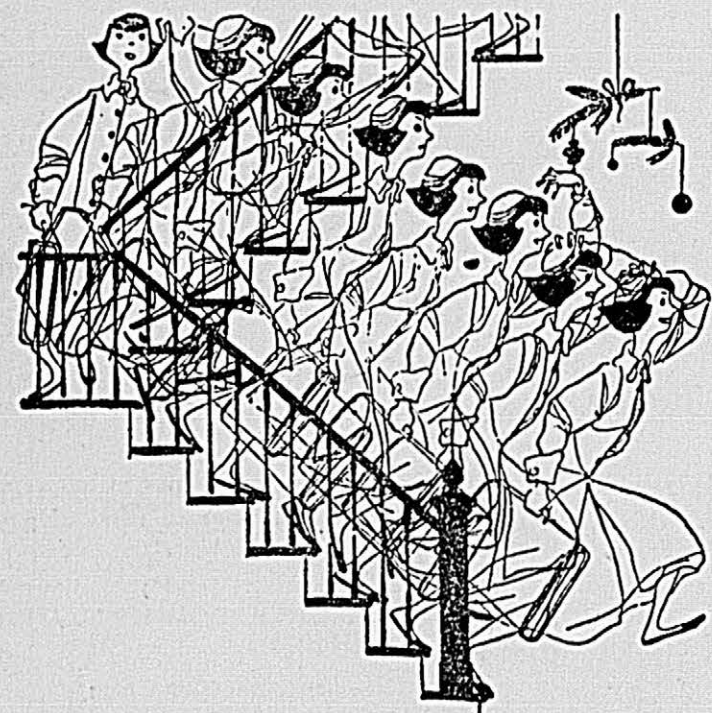
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## ...What's Happening?...

**PING PONG**  
Tuesday, Dec. 8

1 pm B. Shaw (P.E.) vs E. Burman (Dents) A. Palejs (Eng) vs I. McLaren (A&S)  
1:30 pm I. MacKay (Dents) vs A. Ross (A&S) A. Dorfman (Eng) vs H. Hysolo (Dents)  
5pm E. Lechter (Dents) vs O. Sommers (Eng) S. Rurko (Com)

vs R. Headley (Dents)  
5:30 pm F. Blym (A&S) vs O. Drew (Dents) P. Coulter (Eng) vs P. Warner (Dents)  
6 pm J. Mahomed (Eng) vs A. Crevier (Dents) A. Marynowski (Eng) vs L. Cohen (Dents)  
6:30 pm W. Picard (Eng) vs B. Hewchuk (Dents) A. Mansi (Eng) vs G. Saleh (A&S)  
7 pm L. DeSimone (Eng) vs E. Lindsay (Com)

2nd, 3rd and 4th round draws will be posted in Ping Pong room. Please check there for date and time you will play. All games will be played from 1-2 pm and from 5-7 pm daily.

**VOLLEYBALL**  
Tuesday, Dec. 8 1 pm.  
Court 1 - Med. 1 'B' vs Dents 1  
Court 2 - Law vs Vikings (Vikings win by default)  
Court 3 - Med. 1 'A' vs Dents II  
Court 4 - Phys. Ed. vs Tridents

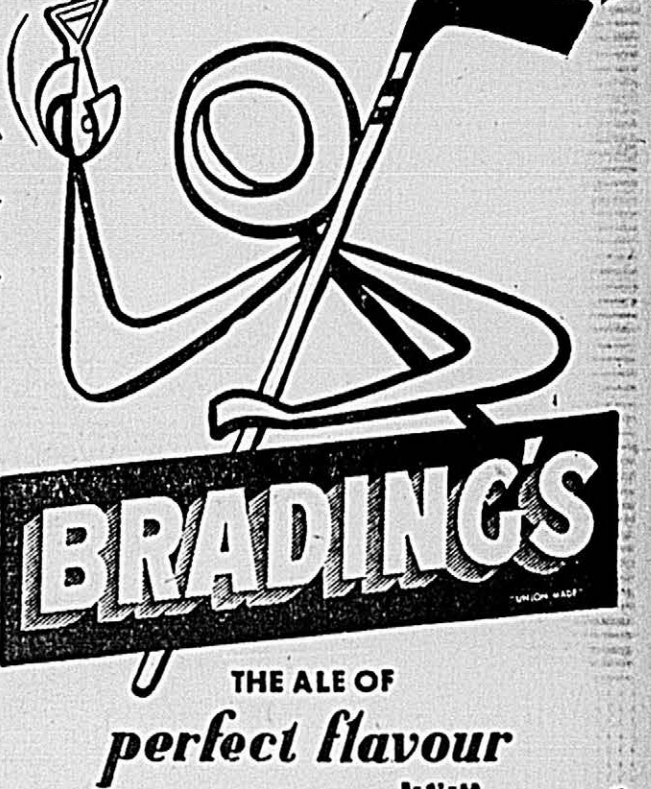
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